

The Seattle Star
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Those Who Have—Care Not

If it was human nature to count our blessings as zealously as we count our curses, a paean of praise would arise from ten million homes in this land every morning, just after mother once more discovered the faucet over the kitchen sink.

If you, Madam, had to lug water, bucket by bucket, up a steep hill from the distant spring, that water tap would bring joy everlasting; grandmother lugged the water and sang meanwhile.

A sewer connection is the grandest contrivance of civilization but nobody ever says so.

Cooking on a gas range is the acme of bliss; once you have fought with wet wood, or sullen coal.

Electric lights are heavenly, if you ever took care of six oil lamps and a lantern thru a long, dark winter.

Yesterday father went to work in a horse car, or behind a two-mile-an-hour span of oxen; today his own gasoline wings flit him to the job in a minute where once it was hours, but few jubilate over an automobile.

The more you get, the more you want; the easier it is to live, the less worth while living becomes.

The commonest house in Seattle is better fitted, more convenient, easier to work and live in, than the mansion of a generation ago, but nobody renders thanks.

Grandpop came West behind an ox team; it took 18 months; a baby was born on the road, Indians stole the milk cows, and nearly raised pop's scalp.

The family edged into the wilderness and toilfully, foot by foot, fought back the forest, gathering garden ground by inches.

It was 18 hours of unremitting toil the year thru, and not \$50 cash money in the family purse at one time thru 10 years.

Grandpop was happy; so were ma and the youngsters.

Their heirs are not happy; they are miserable and restless and lazy and discontented, in direct proportion to their prosperity. The divorce, suicide and insane asylum statistics prove this everywhere.

Unforgivable Exhibition

Persons who attended the Victoria-Seattle hockey game Wednesday night witnessed one of the most disgraceful exhibitions ever seen in Seattle.

Not the game itself—it was an interesting and exciting contest—but one of the incidents of the play.

"Bobby" Row's attack on "Blower" Johnson in the second period was about as indefensible an action as could be imagined.

Skating half way across the rink, not in pursuit of the puck but as a matter of personal vengeance, Rowe came up behind the Victoria player, and without giving him the slightest warning, knocked him unconscious with a vicious blow on the head with his club.

True, the attack was not condoned by the referee—he put Rowe out of the game for 10 minutes.

Rowe should have been put out of the game for the season—and, if the hockey promoters are wise, they will revise the rules to provide such a penalty for a future foul of this sort.

Boxing is such a "vicious" pastime that the state finds it necessary to regulate it. Yet never in the history of Seattle boxing has a fighter been guilty of a foul so contemptible—or dangerous—as was Rowe's.

The inference is unmistakable. If such practices are continued, hockey will be "regulated," possibly entirely out of existence.

I hold no brief for organized labor. I am interested more in unorganized labor than in unorganized labor merely because organized labor is the organized fighting force of all labor. It is like the army that goes to the front and into the trenches to defend the women and children back home. Never was a sacrifice made by labor organizations that was not made on behalf of unorganized men as much as for themselves.—Representative Huddleston (D.), Alabama.

As far as we can see, they have quit rolling their stockings.

Trouble is easy to borrow; but hard to pay back.

Too Many Babies?

In 1913, the last year for which accurate statistics are available, the highest birthrate in the civilized world was reported from Russia, 44.8 births to the 1,000 population annually. The next highest was found in Southern Italy, 44.2 to the 1,000.

In the statistics just compiled by the U. S. census bureau for that portion of our country under registration laws, 59 per cent of the whole, we find a paradox, in that the highest and the lowest birth rate in the nation are in the same state, California.

The white birth rate in that state is 18.3 per 1,000 against 23 for the country as a whole, and the Japanese birth rate in the same state is 59.4.

In his doctrine enunciated about a century ago, the great English economist, Malthus, declared that the population of the world tended to increase more rapidly than the means of feeding could be developed and that the only way to avoid ultimate starvation of the race was legally to prevent early

Williams finds the Krupps will make typewriters. That's what all wars should be fought with.

"I am laying for the consumer," says the hen. But the cold storage men lay for us also.

The men who write these southern songs never raised boll weevils instead of cotton.

Life is just one day after another.

Two can give cheaper than one.

and improvident marriages; also to limit the birth rate by adoption of birth control principles and by moral restraint.

A strong school of modernists holds that the birth rate always tends to be greatest in those countries where conditions of life are the worst, as in Russia, Italy and the slums of London, while in these regions where conditions are most comfortable, as in France before the war, Western and Southern States and in Chile, Argentina, New Zealand and South Africa, the birth rate is lowest.

This new theory seems to be borne out, so far as the white races are concerned.

On the other hand, the total population of Japan, after remaining stationary for more than two centuries, has more than doubled in the 66 years since the country was thrown open to the Western world by Admiral Perry, and is now growing almost as rapidly as ever.

If ever a country needed the application of the Malthusian doctrine, it would seem that Japan is the one.

The most important step some people take is the skinny, and even then they feel shaky.

Ireland has plenty of loose bricks for reconstruction.

Another Job for Hoover

Read this: "One of the most valued technical men in the bureau, whose services to his country cannot be measured in dollars, has been compelled to go to his home each night and prepare his and his children's supper, while his wife works at night in order to meet the needs of the family, and each morning, as his wife must rest

Rather than stay at home altogether, several Lynden farmers equipped their Fords with paddles this week.—Lynden Tribune.

A friend in need is a friend gone to seed.

To forgive and forget is fine; to give and forget is finer.

Poems for your ScrapBook

THE SACRED HOUR

BY LEO H. LASSEN

They say he never knew the joys Of little children, trees and toys On Christmas day; And that he always was alone, He had no kinfolk of his own To join in play. But when the clock of evening falls And fire lights the shadowed walls With amber gleam, He lives a sacred hour of mirth, A child again before the hearth— A treasured dream; And there he builds his Christmas tree In all its tinsel mystery.

Alone. But they will never know This tryst with dreams of yesterday He keeps within the embers' glow Where flame and shadow dance and play.

LETTERS TO EDITOR

Opposes Green Lake Item

Editor The Star: Being a constant reader of the paper, am writing you a few lines in regard to Mayor Caldwell's appropriation of \$10,000 to freshen the waters of Green lake. Now, I have lived in Seattle for 15 years, and know that Green lake is fed by springs, and no waters can be fresher. I would say it would be much better to spend some of the surplus money to help some of the poor children and also widows and returned soldiers who are unable to get work, who, we all know, are with us. Now, I am not making this offer for myself, altho I am a married man, but happen to be well enough to have a job, such as it is, working in a sawmill at \$5.20 per day. L. F. W., Green Lake District.

Raps the Western Union

Editor The Star: I was under the impression that the day of extortion was over, but not so with the Western Union. It used to be that when a telegram was prepaid to a person it included delivery, altho a tip was usually expected. It is possible that it takes two men and a Ford to deliver one-half of one-sixteenth of an ounce of paper from one street to another, then soak the recipient 50 cents delivery charges. I can unhook a token from my safety pin and ride all over Seattle with it. Half of the telegrams delivered are nothing but watered stock. The Western Union should be made to designate the state, city or town the message is from, then the average man would know whether to accept it or reject it, and save the hold-up price for the welfare of his family. W. J. HALL.

Vets in Hospital Not Neglected

Editor The Star: You were kind enough to publish an article for disabled veterans of the world war a few days ago. May we impose upon your good nature once more? We will not attempt to go into lengthy details, but for some reason the idea seems to have come forth that the veterans here are a sadly neglected lot. This is far from the truth. Thru your columns we have expressed our appreciation of the many kind deeds performed by people not connected with the hospital. They bring things which hospitals cannot furnish, including their agreeable presence. But we do not wish the impression to go out that we are abused or lacking sufficient food, as Uncle Sam is a good guardian. We do appreciate the things brought here by friends of the disabled men and the courtesies extended by some business institutions. Allow me to cite a few of these: Mr. Glenn McLeod is a regular visitor; each week he shaves and cuts the hair of the men who cannot leave the hospital, and will not accept a cent in payment. He also furnishes his machine for every occasion. Mrs. B. B. gives an occasional house party. Mrs. Gerrish brings dainties, etc. Capt. and Mrs. Dean make personal and other contributions. Buttsworth & Sons and the Lexington Agency furnish autos. Tickets to games and shows are sent by Clay Hill, manager of the Northwest Athletic association, and Bill Klepper, of the Seattle baseball team, does likewise, so we fare quite well. The Sisters of this hospital are very considerate of the service men, and in general we are a happy lot. If the impression has spread that we are abused or maltreated, we wish it corrected. Thanks to all of you who help to make each day a little more cheerful and pleasant, more especially for the fellow who has spent long months in bed as a result of war service. We wish you all the compliments of the season, and with each year added happiness and prosperity. THE BUNCH.

Suggests Heat for Motormen

Editor The Star: May I take up some of your valuable space to make a few remarks about heat in our street cars. The inside of the cars are heated, but the places where the motormen stand is not. I am referring to those open end cars on the Phinney, Broadway and other runs. If a motorman was comfortable and not so cold his teeth were chattering, he could perform his duties with more efficiency. For a nominal sum heating apparatus could be installed in the motorman's part of the car as well as the patrons. Yours truly, M. DALBY.

Suggests Fare Compromise

Editor The Star: What do you think of this for a solution of our street car problem? First reduce the fare to six and a quarter cents. Now it is estimated this will leave a deficit in the monthly revenue of say \$65,000. Out of the general fund let the council purchase car tokens, and sell them at four cents or less each, to the people having dependents and to be used only between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m., and again after 7 p. m. The old copper tokens can be used for this purpose. By this means the council would be assisting the car riders most in need of relief and helping downtown business and entertainments and churches. They would entice people out who now get out very seldom and it probably would not cost more than \$30,000 a month at the very most. E. J. FRANCIS.

Ma's Ten Commandments

Editor The Star: "If I was called on to write ten commandments on how to hold a husband, they'd go like this: 1. Pay him the greatest compliment in the world and let him know you're proud to be the mother of his children. 2. Teach the babies to love their pa better than anyone else on earth. 3. Don't be ashamed to use endearment terms and tell him you love him more and more as the years go by. 4. Keep yourself clean, both body and soul. Don't go around all day with frowny hair and a dirty wrapper and expect him to think you're sweet. 5. If you have neglected something, let the housework go. Take good care of him and the babies. 6. Don't let every trifling thing upset you. Keep calm. 7. Eat what tastes good. Make hot biscuits and corn bread for him. The way to a man's heart is thru his stomach. 8. Take an interest in everything he does, both business and pleasure. Keep up with the times. Don't grow stagnant like a shallow pond. 9. Have twin beds if you want to, but there didn't used to be no twin beds and there didn't used to be no divorces. 10. Above all things keep a smiling face and keep your temper. He don't want it. Don't nag. It ain't possible to hold some husbands and when these 'uns leave its a good riddance or bad rubbish. HANNAH K. MEAGHER, 1558 E. 7th St., Seattle, Wash.

A Tip to Councilmen

Editor The Star: I would like to give our most honorable councilmen a little advice. I am a taxpayer, so much so that I am quietly hustling around to see how many people in our little burg feel as I do on the tax question. The one big "tax question" now in street cars, which some of our most honorable councilmen want to saddle on the taxpayers, thinking it is a popular move for them to make to catch votes. I find the majority of people I talk to who are voters are against it. The most of the people who are hollering for a nickel fare are neither taxpayers or voters. Now I affix to this date 235 men and more coming every day, pledged to work for and organize every precinct in Seattle to vote against any and all councilmen who vote for anything that will take a nickel from the taxpayers' money for the street cars, and the time the election comes off our organization will be able to beat any councilman we go after. This is no bluff, we are going to do just what we started out to do. This controversy has also been a great handicap to the progress and development of the entire Pacific Northwest, as it has prevented this great scenic asset from receiving proper publicity and attention from

100 YEARS AGO

BY DR. WM. E. BARTON
 IN 1821, flour, which had been selling at from \$10 to \$11 in 1817, went down to \$4 and even \$5 a barrel, and farmers said it would not pay them to sow wheat at that price. On December 1, 1821, there were many out of employment, and a hard winter was predicted. The Hudson river was frozen across and people drove in sleighs from the Cortland street ferry to Jersey City. Mining of anthracite coal in 1821 had reached a stage where the nation burned 1,675 tons. People would have burned more in that hard winter if they had realized that anthracite coal would really burn; but as yet they were not quite certain that it was good for anything. In 1821 hatred of Great Britain, which had been red-hot during and after the Revolution and fanned into new fire by the War of 1812, sufficiently subsided so that the United States government formally delivered to Great Britain the body of Maj. Andre, who had been hanged as a spy, but whom America had held in honor as great as the contempt which it had for his associate, Benedict Arnold. The remains of Andre were exhumed and placed on a British warship, and conveyed across the ocean, and interred with honor in Westminster abbey. When we look back 100 years we have much to learn and some things to encourage us. The world was in a slump for a good while after the Napoleonic wars, and the slump was bad in 1821. Possibly by 1921 the world has learned enough so that we shall not have any more wars. For myself, I would rather be alive in 1821 than to have been alive in 1821 or 1721 or at any other time. Life is good and well worth living.

GEOGRAPHIC PUZZLE

—P+ —UE+&=

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER:
 FROG + H - HOG + DANCE - D - FRANCE

Debt to U.S. Multiplying With Years!

BY AMATEUR ECONOMIST
 Twenty billion dollars is approximately what the world owes us to date. If the balance of trade (we are selling this year about \$2,000,000,000 in goods more than we are buying), remains the same for 25 years, the world will owe us \$170,000,000,000. With a true trade balance (sales equalling purchases), it will take our \$20,000,000,000 at compound interest about 40 years to reach the \$170,000,000,000 point. With continued true balance of trade, people living today will see this debt equal the whole wealth of the world. It would reach 1,000 billions in about 80 years. This year we are selling in round numbers \$4,000,000,000 worth of goods and buying \$2,000,000,000 worth. To have a true balance we would have to cut our exports in half, or double our imports. As it is, exporters are howling calamity. And business men are waiting for export demand to start good times again. Now if we were to cut our present exports in half, what would happen? With the present amount of imports, congress is building a tariff wall to keep out foreign goods. If the imports were to double and \$2,000,000,000 worth of goods were to be thrown on the market, in its present state, what would happen? Not long ago some one figured out that if Methuselah had saved the price of a smoke each day and put it in the savings bank to sell lots. The man out in the suburbs, who went out to ride escape taxes, waits to ride 19 or 12 miles for a nickel. He will get on a bus or train and pay five cents per mile without a kick. When the city took the car lines over the taxpayers had to make good about \$500,000 taxes which street car riders were waiting for. Webster paid when they owned them. Something like 20 years ago

A Letter From AVRIDGE MANN

To the College Club of Seattle:
 Dear College club, I want to say that you have quite a gala day; your splendid, spacious home is done; your wider, fuller life begun; your future's looming big and bright, on this, your dedication night. Not many years have passed away since first you saw the light of day; you were a husky child, it's true, but, gosh amighty, how you grew! For those who saw you make your bow would hardly recognize you now. You grew the warfars stretched its hand, and made, on you, its stern demand; your halls were grim that once were gay, for half your boys had marched away; your service flag its story told with many stars—and some were gold. In brightest day, in darkest night, you grew because your heart was right; for millionaire or Ph. D., or just an average man like me, are merely pals who heed your call, of "all for one, and one for all." If all the world could grow to own the friendly spirit you have shown, and every high or lowly man be merely Jim or Bill or Dan, our troubles soon would fade away, as darkness fades at break of day. So while your home is bright and new, I dedicate this wish to you; I wish, as years go passing by, you'll hold your flag of friendship high, and teach the world its Maker's plan—of One Big Brotherhood of Man.

Avridge Mann

bank today he would be worth six sextillions (whatever they are). However, it would be enough to make our figure look like the score of the youngsters' savings bank. But possibly Methuselah never smoked, and "Campbell's" may have been cheaper then. I don't put much stock in these figures. However, our opposition is not only reasonable, but well on its way to completion. Five billion debt to \$20,000,000,000 credit in eight years; what in 20 years? when men were working for \$1.50 a day they had to pay 15 cents to ride from Pioneer Square to South Park. If they went from the north end of town it would cost 15 cents, or three nickel fares. Now, Mr. Councilman, watch your step the way you vote on street car ordinances. We are all waiting for you. EILE JONES, 4516 Lucile St.

Cities Should Co-operate

(Copy)
 Mr. Wm. Piggot,
 President, Northwest Trade Conference, Seattle, Washington.
 Dear Sir:
 We desire to extend our congratulations upon your election as president of the Northwest Trade conference, and also to express our appreciation and thanks for your generous and thoughtful wish that the rightful name of "Tacoma" should be restored to the great peak which stands in our county, our dooryard, and whose euphonious Indian name our city taxpayers had to make good about \$500,000 taxes which street car riders were waiting for. Webster paid when they owned them. Something like 20 years ago

the railroad companies and other tourist and advertising agencies. The Pacific Northwest can be made one of the greatest tourist centers in the world. Our commercial and industrial possibilities are limitless, but unless these attractions, advantages and opportunities are properly made known, the course of development will be slow and the present generation will not be able to reap the benefits that would most assuredly accrue from a policy of co-operation and good-will among the citizens of this great "summer playground of America." We need to "sell the world" about our best-all-the-year-round climate, our ever-verdured valleys, our fir-clad hills, our sylvan highways, our primeval forests, noble rivers, matchless lakes and inland sea. We need likewise to let the outside world know about our many resources, along commercial and industrial lines. Neither Seattle nor Tacoma alone can properly present these attractions, advantages and opportunities, but the united enterprise, energy, enthusiasm and loyalty of all our citizens can accomplish more in the next decade than could otherwise be done in the next 50 years. And so we again extend our con-



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